Glass Shard - 'you never were meant to die a hero'

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by reid_simp

Summary

tommy wakes up after the nuke drops on the prison, tubbo having saved him.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Tubbo told him later that he had grabbed him fast enough to get out before the blast could blow them to pieces. But he doesn't remember that. The last he remembers was sleeping in a basement, learning how to fight and kill Dream, and getting through the day through potions he knew were destroying him. Techno would be so mad if he knew how dependent he was. It makes him feel guilty, but when he takes another potion, he doesn't feel so bad.

He supposes that's why he does it, moreso than the reason he started it, to get used to the strange light-headed feeling it brings, so that he doesn't make the same mistake that ended with Ghostbur dead and Wilbur alive, and Dream very much still too alive.

The first thing Tommy is aware of is the familiar feeling of Phil's hand in his. Dad? He thinks, but can't say because everything is far too strange, and he's feeling dead. He remembers death, remembers the utter emptiness of it. He feels dead right now physically, but everything else is strange and wrong. He doesn't understand what is happening.

"You never were meant to die a hero," he hears Technoblade in his head saying. "Couldn't have you die in there, could I? Then I'd be wrong." He clings onto his voice, wanting to reply but being too close to life to talk to him.

"Tommy, come on. Wake up now, yeah?" Phil's been crying. Strange. "You're close now, just push a little harder and wake up, okay?"

Tommy pushes as hard as he can to reconnect with the body that doesn't feel like his, but he supposes it hasn't felt like his since that day in the prison, the day Dream took everything from him.

He doesn't open his eyes yet but moves his head slightly and clenches his fingers around Phil's to show him he's aware. "Tommy?"

He groans, the sound of Phil's panicked but clearly relieved voice breaking through the tranquillity of between life and death. Not limbo, no; that was hell. Just a peace where he couldn't feel the phantom pin of scars old and new, but couldn't hear Schlatt in his head.

"Thank god, Tom. We've been so worried." Tubbo? Sounds like Tubbo.

He learns in the next few hours between involuntary sleeps that he hit his head from the blast, and it was touch and go for a while. Puffy and Foolish think his slow recovery has to do with him having more deaths than the world is used to, than his body is supposed to take. He learns that Dream is dead or gone, same as Punz. Jack didn't make it out, either. Something to do with the blast, but canon lives go out the window. Foolish says the body must've been incinerated.

The revive book dies with them, he learns.

Tommy learns that he probably won't recover fully, but looking aroud the room, he sees a lot of people who insist they're here for him. There are people who didn't even like him before,

people he’s practically never spoken to, but they say he was willing to give his life to save everyone else’s, and so they are all here to look after him.

He can feel Techno’s hand on his shoulder, and Will is giving his heart a hug. It reminds Tommy of when he was young and had a nightmare, especially with dad holding his hand.

Tommy looks around and sees what he’s been looking for.

End Notes

this isn't my first dsmp fanfic, but it's the first that's been posted (the others are gone to the void) - so i hope you enjoy!

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